

# The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

## Numa, the Roman King, Taught Wisdom by Egeria

Numa was the first King of Rome who implanted a love of the arts of peace and obedience to wise government in the hearts of his people. Consequently Numa is accounted one of the earliest and greatest of statesmen.

But what does the world say about Numa being taught statecraft by a woman? Plutarch tells the tale and gives the name of the teacher as Egeria, the nymph presiding over the fountain of knowledge.

According to Plutarch, Egeria had the good of Rome deeply at heart and was truly versed in matters pertaining to municipal welfare. Perhaps a story well told in the nymph in a youthful version of Plutarch's Tale recently arranged by F. J. Gould, might serve to refute the ideas of those who consider that women had no voice in Roman affairs of state.

This is the story: "Up the path among the trees climbed the King whose name was Numa. He sat down on a boulder of rock, beside a big pool of water. The water trembled. Numa watched it very closely. A lady clad in forest green, rose up from the pool and smiled at the King, and sat on one of the rocks. This was not the first time he had met her. Often he visited this spot and sat talking with the nymph, whose name was Egeria.

"Well, Numa," she said, "and have the Pontiffs mended the bridge over the River Tiber?"

"Yes. They have set men to work to make it strong against the rush of the water."

"Do the people obey the Pontiffs?"

"Yes. The other day the Pontiffs said the Romans were to hold a holiday, and every workman in the city stopped his tools. And when they said it was time to sow seed in the cornfields the people did so."

"That is right. And do the four fire-wardens attend to their duty?"

"They do. I have had them dressed in white as you told me, and they keep the fire on the altar burning day and night, so that the Roman folk may always feel safe."

"And have you built the house for the twenty Herads?"

"Yes, Lady. If we have any quarrel with any tribe we shall not think of going to war unless the Herads give us leave."

"Have you made the eleven shields?"

"I have had them made by a clever smith. He copied very carefully the one which fell from the sky, and which the gods sent us. I have chosen twelve lively young men to wear them and to perform the dance. What did you tell me they were to do?"

"Dancing can only be done in the month of March, in honor of the god of war, Mars. The young men must wear purple jackets and shiny brass belts and helmets. They must carry short swords and as they leap along the streets, they must beat time on their shields with their swords. This will cause the Romans to remember that the city is strong, not by its walls, but by its brave men, who carry sword and shield for the defense of Rome, and are ready to lay down their lives for their brethren."

"And now, Lady, I want to ask you how to stop the people from going on one another's lands."

"On the border line between two farms or gardens, a hole must be dug. Sprinkle the hole with wine and honey, the seeds of plants, and sweet smelling powders. Then let a big stone be dressed with ribbons and flowers. This stone must be placed so that it stands upright above the soil in a line with stones set at other points on the boundary. And if any man tries to deceive his neighbor and moves the stone, mark it to another spot, so as to make his own plot of land larger, then a curse shall be uttered upon the man and his cattle. And every year, in the month of February, a feast shall be held to the god Terminus. It shall be a good thing for the folk to meet in peace; pay respect to the landmarks, and bear in mind that no man ought to take his neighbor's property."

"There is another matter I wish to ask about. The Romans and the Sabines dwell in the same city, but are not always friends."

"Do this, Numa. Tell all the shoemakers to live in the same part of the town, whether they are Romans or Sabines. They will have a company or society of their own, and meet in a hall to make rules for the trade of the shoemakers. And likewise shall the musicians do. And the tanners, the goldsmiths, the masons, the dyers, the brass workers, the potters and all the others."

"I will do so. Besides this, Lady, I want to make a better reckoning of the days and months."

"How many months are there in a year, Numa? Ten? Well, now, you must have twelve. Up till now you began the year with March, and the tenth month was December, was the last. Tell the Romans to reckon this way from now on: First month, January; second, February; third, March; fourth, April; fifth, May; sixth, June; and so on to the twelfth, December."

"All this I will explain to the people of Rome."

"And now, Numa, go again to the Lady of Silence, and think of what I have told you. Farewell."

Now, if Numa learned the wisdom of a woman how to make men bridge builders, how to train them in obedience to their governors, how to teach them to be religious and yet ready for defense in war, how to bring them up with a proper respect for the property rights of their neighbors, and a knowledge of the advantage of trade unions, then there is some ground for believing that women sometimes originate as well as inspire, and have been doing so since the creation of the world.

If to this comforting theory be added the idea that to a woman through Numa, the reform of the calendar is due, why then the reproach as to the conspicuous absence of Roman women in the realm of the intellectual and the arena political, may be in a measure relieved.

And isn't there a woman of to-day who can trace her line straight back to Egeria, who sat in her forest-green beside her fountain, and taught wisdom to the first one of the early Kings, thus left a lasting impress on the nation choosing him ruler?

THE PASSERBY.

## PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or prolapsed piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment. This method is sent some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality. If requested, immediate relief and permanent cure guaranteed. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box 2, Notre Dame, Ind.

## No Ripple of Fullness

No ripple of fullness will be visible anywhere in the tailored suits for autumn. Skirts will be short and very close cut. But Paris goes too far; she becomes very far off when she advocates a skirt a yard and a half around. If the American woman wore a skimpy skirt of this sort she would never be able to walk gracefully, and hopping is not exactly in her line. Paris makes a mistake when she dictates to American women the absurd.

However, all the new skirts will have the long, narrow effect. Even the sleeves of the tailored suits will carry out this idea. They will be long and plain and put in at the shoulder without any fullness whatever. And it is quite noticeable that as they near the wrist they will widen out a trifle just to emphasize the straight-line effect.

The twenty-four-inch length coat will be more fashionable than the thirty-inch, and the twenty-six inch and the twenty-eight-inch lengths will undoubtedly be the most popular of all. A number of the new short coats suggest the box coat of other seasons. Since the coat of the tailored suit is to be short, this brings into fashion again the very long separate coat which is here and here to stay throughout the fall and winter. For, in dress, as in very many other things, variety is always warmly welcomed by the American woman.

**Trimnings for Gowns.** The smartest gowns for autumn wear will show but little trimming. Wide black braids will be fashionable and will be used on skirts to produce the held-in effect. Narrower braids will bind the collar, revers and cuffs of many of the smartest of the tailored suits. For the more elaborate costumes much cut steel will be worn. Tinted wooden beads in a variety of sizes are among the novel trimmings. They will be wrought in many designs and used on bands and for insets of velvet, net or satin, much as a cord would be.

The buttons are quite outdoing themselves in beauty and novelty. The velvet and satin finished fabrics will be trimmed, many of them, with beautiful buttons made of cut steel set with jewels.

## HOME THE PLACE FOR REST AND FUN

Much imagination and ingenuity are expended by women in their search for appropriate motives to be placed above the doorways or mantels of rooms in new country houses or bungalows. In convenient proximity to country clubs, if they desire in motives to give voice to a sentiment that should be built into the walls and irradiate the atmosphere of all homes, they would do well to trace some such lines as "For hours laid out in harmless merriment," or "Now for rest and fun."

For, however humble or splendid the home, there is one element that should always be present in it, the element of joy. It is not of going anywhere and everywhere else in search of fun, women would provide abundance of it in their households, the world would, in general, be much happier.

**Great Sweetener of Life.** Fun is a great sweetener of life and a great healer for the vexations and worries caused by jealousy, envy and bad temper. Delicate human machinery suffers in the friction and grind of the everyday round, and needs the rest and relaxation which fun affords. Every one may have a perplexing day, when the contrary-wisdoms of affairs leaves a woman as limp and forlorn as if she were shipwrecked on a desert island. But it is not necessary to parade discouragements and anxieties all around the home to make others miserable. Just put away trouble. Lock it into a corner cupboard or a dark closet. Be smart and pretty. Tie a pink bow in your hair and another at your throat, and then, with a smile on your face, go down into the dining room and parlor and help to make all the fun that you can possibly conjure up.

**What Home Should Be.** Home should be every woman knows, be a place for bright pictures and pleasant memories, and kindly feelings toward everybody. If a mother of a family bends her real effort toward banishing whatever brings the disagreeable side of humanity upon most and substitutes in its place gaiety and diversion, she will create for herself and her family a little bit of millennium here below. A fun-loving habit, cultivated in childhood is the surest of all prepara-

tions for a happy maturity. During the early and formative stages of life, tendencies that have a powerful influence on an after career are developed.

Health, happiness and success for women depend principally on whether they have had the advantage of a happy childhood as a shield against the origin of peculiarities that are sure to handicap them afterward.

**Mirth God's Medicine.**

"Mirth is God's medicine," says a clever author. "Give children a lot of it. It is so much better for girls to be trained to the art of getting the most and the best of everything that comes their way, to cultivate their instinct for fun in every harmless direction, to be cheerful over misfortunes and to see the humorous side of even unpleasant happenings."

The more fun girls have at home the fonder they become of staying in it, the more certain they are to be free of a restless disposition that inclines them to believe that they would be happier in a different surrounding and with different companions.

**La Gioconda.** Over my desk as I write this is a copy of a portrait painted by Leonardo Da Vinci. It is the portrait of the wife of Francesco Gioconda, and it is also called La Gioconda; the name also means the joyful one—the smiling one. It has been the delight of centuries, and like all the great pictures that stretch far away, the better one knows it, the more satisfying and wonderful it becomes. The smile is faint; the face in itself is hardly beautiful, the hands rest lightly crossed; back of her is one of the wonderful Da Vinci backgrounds, a country that stretches far away. Every detail of the picture satisfies one, but it is the smile, the inscrutable smile, and all that it denotes of peace and knowledge, that remains with us. But often and often, when I am joyous and happy, I look up and meet her smile with my own, as one meets the smile of a friend, and when I have felt

troubled I have looked up at my dear Gioconda, and that faint smile of hers has somehow helped to smile the trouble away or has softened it. She seems always in happy moments to me understandingly, "Yes, is not joy beautiful?" or else, in sad moments, "The trouble will pass by. I know the life played in your life is beautiful and full of joy."—Anne Bryan McCall.

**Brute Bravery and True Heroism.**

An effective answer by Andrew Carnegie to the fallacious claim that war is the mother of valor is being circulated by the Peace Society. Mr. Carnegie shows how physical courage was first developed by men as a result of their preying upon each other like wild beasts at a time when moral courage was unknown. No such thing as civilization, he says, was possible until war became infrequent, as long intervals of peace were necessary for civilization, which is the mother of true heroism, to take root. It is the heroism, inspired by moral courage, that prompts firemen, policemen, sailors, miners and other to volunteer and risk their own lives to save those of their fellowmen. The late Richard Watson Gilder's answer to the false idea that brute force employed against our fellow-ranks with moral courage is brought to mind by this discussion:

"'Twas said, 'When roll of drums and battle roar Shall cease upon the earth, Oh, then no more The deed, the race of heroes in the land.' But scarce that word was breathed when one small hand Lifted a victorious o'er a giant wrong; That had its victims crushed through ages long; Some woman set her pale and quivering face To the great name of truth, and said: 'Synod's frown; A civic hero, in the calm reign of laws, Did that which suddenly drew a world's applause; And one to the pest his little young body gave, That he a thousand thousand lives might save.'"

FONTELLI WATER

## Where Goodness and Truth Are to Be Sought and Found

A child was once born of commonplace parents into a commonplace home. Nothing indicated that there was a difference between this baby and half a dozen other sturdy and stolid brothers and sisters, to whom life seemed a very plain measured-out affair.

But it happened that a meadow lark, pouring out a glad and rippling song, as the story is told, alighted on the window sill of the room in which the new-born baby lay, and so the child grew up with the bird's song in its heart.

And, after a while, the stirring of the song drove the child out from its home in search of what the song symbolized—Beauty and Truth. The search was carried far and wide without avail, until the child lost heart. Then in the midst of grief and disappointment, came a sound like the singing of the lark, the first music that had fallen on the child's ears; now it came from the lips of a blacksmith, who, seeing the child in trouble, paused to ask the cause and to offer comfort.

Thou art blind, I say.

And when the story of the fruitless quest for Truth and Beauty had been told and heard, the burly smith laid his hand on the child's arm gently and reassuringly:

"See," he cried, pointing to a little white flower that grew from the dirt and decaying wood under a log, "here is a bit of Goodness, Truth and Beauty, at thy feet, and thou dost not see it. Thou art blind, I say. Now listen, that thine eyes may be opened. This little flower is pure, white and perfect. See how beautifully alike and yet unlike are its five snowy petals. The flower grows from the common earth beneath the shadow of a rotting log, yet it is a part of God's plan and a product of His craftsmanship. I am a skilled workman, but I could not make a thing of beauty like this. All about thee are the Good, the True and the Beautiful—in sea and wood and sky, and in the hearts of thyself and thy fellows."

What the Smith Seen.

"Yonder at the edge of the village is my dinky smithy. But in the wall above my bellows is a little window that frames a square of blue sky, and through the open doorway I can see the green meadows with the cattle in them, and the purple hills. Friends pass the door and shout a greeting, and I look into their hearts. A spider has spun a web across my window pane, a perfect wheel of finest silk, and up in the pear tree, just within my sight, the robins have a nest, and busily come and go all day long. Beside my door the daisies bloom, and peep in at me when the wind blows. In all these I see the Good, the Beautiful and the True, because my eyes are open. Go thy way back to the place whence thou camest and find that the object of thy quest lies at thine own door."

The Homeward Way.

So the child set out again for home, and along the way were many little white flowers to be looked at instead of brown wheel tracks. There was a flock of blackbirds alighting in a cornfield—a cloud that hung like thistle-down over a hilltop—a colt that sat with ears erect, guarding a flock of sheep—a little stone cottage that lay dozing behind a planing laburnum—an old peasant couple that sat hand in hand on their doorstep in the gloaming. And by the time the hilltop overlooking home was reached, the heart-song was awake again and more joyous than before. Amid the vines and the white houses glistened in the sun and the church spire stood slim and graceful in their midst. And somewhere a meadow lark lifted rapturously of a green aspen grove and the sunshine. When home was reached, the child was asked: "Dost thou and the Good, the True and the Beautiful, foolish one?"

And the answer came sweet and clear: "I did."

Marcelled or Not.

To be marcelled or not to be, that is one of the vital questions of the moment with the French woman. Madame Cheruit, whom all Parisiennes love to copy, was the originator of the uncurled coil. She keeps her beautiful, burnished, chestnut hair from clinging together by frequent shampoos in a fusion of bois de Panama (Panama wood or bark). To give the shape to the coilure and to keep the hair from flying, she has it brushed with a hairbrush tonic several times a day. The coilure, however, is so a day. The coilure, however, is so a day. The coilure, however, is so a day.

Earings and Throatlets.

Many earrings, especially in hoop style, throatlets and chains are therefore worn.

In striking contrast to the close-fitting turban effects, which are so fashionable to wear with low-cut evening gowns, there are the very flat hats for every day wear trimmed with a huge bow. These are generally developed in taffeta, and those having the hat black and the bow of white silk are considered at present quite the smartest of all.

For Evening Wear.

For evening wear many princess effects will be worn, even in the pronounced ballote or tube beading over dress or in the heavier silks. In the way of fineness the supple taffetas have found a place in dancing and theatre dresses. They are in rich colors and are often seen trimmed with lace or net.

Factor will look with special favor on the separate coat for the coming season, and it is easy to see how its appearance is the outcome of the vogue for the short tailored jacket.

The impractical for so many occasions. The impractical for so many occasions. The impractical for so many occasions.

Cheruit and Calot make the overcoat in this style, but Poiret uses a little collar and big cuffs of fur and a belt across the back.

## Boy's Baseball Luncheon

If a mother wishes to gain the grateful appreciation of her boy and his friends, let her arrange for a baseball party. Allow the boy to invite eight of his chums, as he himself will complete the required nine. Serve luncheon early or very soon after the arrival of the team. Before entering the dining room assign each boy a place on the team, by presenting him with a paper-mache cap containing candy and bearing the words "pitcher," "catcher," and so forth, across the front. The boys will find their appointed places at the table by matching the caps with tiny "fans" used instead of name cards. Decorate the table to represent a baseball field in miniature, with a game in progress and with small dolls dressed as the players.

The menu should read as follows:

First Inning.

(Oysters on the half shell)

Second Inning.

Where is the losing team? (Soup)

Third Inning.

Caught on the fly (Fish served on toast cut diamond shape)

Fourth Inning.

A sacrifice (Lamb chops, baked potatoes or potato balls)

Fifth Inning.

A "fowl" ball (Chicken croquettes, peas)

Sixth Inning.

The umpire's name when we lose (Lobster salad, peanut wafers)

Seventh Inning.

A fine diamond (Ice cream in diamond shape)

Eighth Inning.

Necessary for fast playing (Ginger cookies, grape juice)

Ninth Inning.

Necessary for good playing (Popcorn balls and lemon sticks)

At the end of the luncheon give the boy who scores the highest a package wrapped in the colors of the local or home team containing tickets for the game that afternoon. The boys will soon leave for the ball ground, thus making further entertainment unnecessary.—Argues A. Gamm.

SAUERS' FLAVORING EXTRACTS THE BEST FLAVORING EXTRACTS EVERY TEST